

The Historie

Prin. O, my sweete beoffe, I must still be good angel to thee,
the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I doe not like that paying backe, 't is a double labour.

Pri. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do
it with vnwash't hands too.

Bar. Do, my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, lacke, a charge of foote.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shal I finde one that
can steale well? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii, or therea-
bouts; I am hainouly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laude them, I
prayse them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar.* My Lord.

Pri. Go, beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this, to my lord of Westmerland.
Go, Peto, to horse, to horse, for thou and I
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet e're dinner time:
lacke, meete me to morrow in the temple hall.

At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy stands on high,
And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world. Hostesse, my breakefast, come,
Oh, I could wish this tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot, if speaking truth
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas haue,
As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,
Should go so generall currant through the world:
By God, I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place
In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approoue me, Lord.

Douglas. Thou art the King of honour,
No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

of Henry

Hot. Doe so, and 't is well: W
I can but thanke you.

Mef. These letters come from

Hot. Letters from him? why co

Mef. He cannot come, my Lo

Hot. Zounds, how has he the
In such a iustling time: who leads

Vnder whose gouernment come

Mef. His letters beares his mind

Wor. I prethee, tell me, doth he

Mef. He did, my Lord, four day

And at the time of my departure

He was much feard by his Phisic

Wor. I would the state of time ha

E're he by sicknesse had bin visit

His health was neuer better wort

Hot. Sicke now, droope now: th

The very life-blood of our enter

'T is catching hither, euen to ou

He writes me here, that inward

And that his friends by deputati

Could not so soone be drawn, no

To lay so dangerous and deare a

On any soule remou'd, but on h

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduert

That with our small coniuncti

To see how fortune is dispos'd to

For, as he writes, there is no qua

Because the king is certainly pos

Of all our purposes: what say ye

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is

Hot. A perilous gash, a very l

And yet, in faith, it is not his pr

Seemes more, then we shall find

To set the exact wealth of all ou

All at one cast: to set so rich a m

On the nice hazzard of one do

It were not good, for therein sh

Hot.